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Selected Essays.

From Campbell's Magazine.

THE COMPLAINT OF 'LE CAVALIER SEUL.'

SIR,—One of the most pitiable objects in civilized life is a bashful man; mortification is ever at his right hand, and ridicule tracks his steps. A woman, however overcome by timidity, looks neither silly nor awkward; her fears and tremblings excite interest, her blushes admiration. Oh! that I had been born of that privileged sex, or that Nature, when she gave me a beard, had given me a proper stock of ease and assurance, by which I might support its dignity! I am fond of society; I love conversation; I enjoy dancing: but wherever I go, my confounded sheepishness goes with me, keeps me in a constant nervous flurry, and turns my very pleasures into pains. The height of a bashful man's ambition, when he enters a room full of company, is to hurry over his salutations as quickly as possible, to creep into some obscure corner, and to stay there, very quietly, as long as he is permitted. How I have hated the officious kindness, which makes tiresome old ladies, and pert young ones, notice me in my retirement, and fix the eyes of every soul in the room upon me, by fearing I am very dull, and asking if I have been to the play lately, or seen the new panorama. I believe they call this "drawing me out," and I dare say, think I ought to be obliged to them for their notice. I wish I could teach them that notice is the very thing I most earnestly desire to avoid.

One unavoidable consequence of my dislike to putting myself forward is, that I am accused of being very rude and bearish in my manners. I am never sufficiently alert in handing old ladies down to dinner, or asking their daughters to drink wine. I never ring a bell, snuff a candle, or carve a chicken, till the office is forced upon me, and all the merit of the performance destroyed by my previous incivility. Then I have a tormenting habit of fancying myself the object of general notice, "the observed of all observers." If a girl giggles, she is laughing at me; if another whispers, she is animadverting upon my words, dress, or behaviour; and when two grave old ladies are discussing family matters, or a few steady old men shaking their heads over the state of the

nation, I often imagine that my faults and follies are the occasion of so many serious looks, so many uplifted eyes and hands.

Boileau has said that

"Jamais, quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel ici-bas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est
[pas.]"

But Boileau is wrong; for I know I am supposed proud by some, cross by others, and silly by all; and yet I think I may with truth affirm, that each of these charges is false.

I learned dancing in early youth; and, while country dances were in fashion, I could join in them with considerable comfort. Long habit had accustomed me to the performance; many persons were moving at the same time, and no extraordinary grace or dexterity was requisite in the dancers. But alas! peace came, and with it my worst enemies—quadrilles.—"Maledetto sia il giorno, e l'ora, e'l momento." Gradually they encroached upon their less elegant predecessors, and at length gained complete and exclusive possession of the ball room. Country dances were banished to the kitchen, and I deprived of my favourite amusement. Some of my friends endeavoured to persuade me to put myself under the tuition of a dancing master, but really this was too much to expect of a shy man. What! skip about a room in broad daylight, turn out my toes, and arrange my elbows at command? My cheeks are even now tingling at the notion.

Last Christmas I was staying at the house of an uncle in the country; my cousins danced quadrilles every evening, and at length they partly forced, partly persuaded me to stand up with them, assuring me that it was only necessary to use my old steps and mind the figures.—My cousin Ellen, too, one of the loveliest and liveliest of her sex, engaged to be my partner and instructress; and added, in her easy, sprightly manner, that she hoped we should dance together in the spring, as we used to do some years ago. This temptation, this bribe was irresistible; I suffered her to lead me to the set, and I made my debut in quadrille dancing. My performance, of course, met with the most encouraging praise. I was urged to persevere in my new accomplishment; and ere I came to town, I gave Ellen a parting promise that I would dance at the first ball, to which I should be invited. I did

more than keep my word—I have danced at several; and I do verily believe that habit, all-powerful habit, might in time enable me to derive more pleasure than pain from my performance, were it not for one odious and awful figure, invented, I suppose, for the peculiar misery of modest men. In this cruel quadrille, I am positively required to dance, (*horresco referens*) during eight entire bars, alone—yes, quite alone; it appears scarcely credible, but so it really is. I am expected to figure away by myself, while no other creature is moving. The other actors and actresses in the quadrille have nothing to do but to stare and to quiz; and three of them are ranged in a line opposite to me, in order to look as formidable as possible. Why, the strongest nerves might tremble, the wisest man look silly, the most elegant appear awkward, in such a situation; and I—what I suffer, is far beyond description; and I am often tempted to exclaim, in the words of one who seems to have suffered occasionally from my wretched complaint, "Thinks I to myself, I wish I was dead and buried."

Let no one suppose that I am inclined to jest upon my sufferings. Alas! they are much too serious a subject; and I hope I have never made myself an enemy whose rancour must not subside into pity, when he beholds me preparing to submit to that tremendous sentence, "*Le Cavalier seul, en avant deux fois.*" Move I must; to stand still would be so ridiculous; but my feet seem tied together—every action is tremulous and indecisive—my ear no longer catches the tune—my eyes refuse to quit the ground—my cheeks redden into flames—and, after the dreadful task is over, I fancy I read derision in every countenance, and endeavour, in vain, to hide myself from the finger of scorn. Once, in despair, I wrote to my cousin Ellen, stated my distress, and asked her advice. With her usual kindness she sent me an immediate answer, and directed me, when next I danced my solo, to turn round several times. At first I found this an excellent plan; I had some definite mode of action, and I thought that the whirling motion had a sort of numbing effect, which deadened the acuteness of my feelings. But alas! I am afraid I exceeded Ellen's instructions, and turned *too often*, for I certainly used to feel very giddy; and one evening I heard

a lady whisper the word "tetotum" to my partner, which put a speedy and complete termination to my rotatory movements.—I have never danced a quadrille since. Ellen is come to town, but is the partner of bolder and happier men; and I can hope for no change in these vexatious circumstances, unless some little compassion is shewn towards bashful dancers, and "Le Cavalier seul" is allowed a companion. Surely, this would not be a very unreasonable sacrifice to the weakness and distress of others, and it seems a most unjust regulation to prevent a man's dancing at all, because he cannot make up his mind to dance a hornpipe. From the observations I have made, I am convinced that nine men out of ten would rejoice in the demise of that unnatural character—"Le Cavalier seul"—And unnatural he is. Men were never intended either to live or to dance alone; and when they persevere in opposing their proper destiny, they generally become absurd or unhappy. Yet some anomalies there are in a ball-room, as in life, and instances are to be found of bachelors and of Cavaliers-seuls, who appear to take pleasure in their solitude. I have seen dancers, who would regret to share their glory with another pair of feet, and who are all animation and delight at that identical period, and in those very circumstances, which to me are so appalling. Heavens! how they will skip and fly about, as if anxious to crowd as many capers as possible into the eight masculine bars. What bounding, what pirouetting, while the body is slightly bent, the arms are a little extended, the face flushed with exercise, the eyes flashing triumph! But I do not envy these performers their glory; a lurking contempt mingles with the admiration they excite, and I have often heard Ellen quote and approve the words of some wise man, who once said, "To dance too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity that a man ought to be ashamed to let the world see, by his dexterity in it, that he has spent so much time in learning such a trifle."—Those few wonderful persons excepted, however, I am quite convinced that the rest of my sex will rejoice in the permission to assume no more their solitary character. Many, who move gracefully and easily at other times, are but awkward cavaliers-seuls; notwithstanding an air of indifference, which they attempt to put on, a lurking constraint proves them to be uncomfortable, and various are the methods to which they have recourse, in order to pass through the dancing ordeal with tolerable credit. Some perform numerous finikin steps on the same spot, while their arms have a kind of tremulous jerking motion; others move with straggling strides over the

whole extent of their domain, and seem to say, "you see we are not frightened," but they cannot deceive me, well read as I am in the symptoms of my own disorder. Many have recourse to the tetotum system; some appear quite undecided, and entirely at the mercy of chance; and a few miserable creatures positively stand still, cast a few puzzled glances around them, as if in ignorance what ought to be done, then appear to awake from their fit of absence, put on a faint and forced smile, and hurry forward to take their place in the sociable *tour de quatre*. Upon all these, and upon me, above them all, the publication of this letter will confer a considerable favour, as it may, perchance, awaken the compassionate part of the dancing public to a sense of the misery inflicted upon a few, the discomfort upon many, and the awkwardness upon nearly all, by that odious figure—"Le Cavalier seul." Upon the tender feelings and kind sympathies of the ladies, I throw myself and my companions in misery; surely they will not be inexorable to the petition of those, who thus humbly acknowledge their power and entreat their society, who have a mortal antipathy to being single, even for three minutes, and who feel the want of the grace of woman's presence, the comfort of woman's support, even through eight bars of a quadrille.

With every feeling of respect I am,
and fear I shall always remain,
your obedient servant,
A BASHFUL MAN.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Messrs. Editors,

It is said 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The application of steam to the propelling of shot—which is now making so great a noise in Europe, as the invention of Doctor Perkins—was not unknown in the United States, forty years ago. Dr. Thornton, now of the city of Washington, and myself, conceiving it possible, by the power of steam, to obtain a projectile force, sufficient for the propulsion of balls from ordnance, made the experiment on a small scale. We got a brass æolopile (or retort) cast, large enough to hold about two pints of water, having a stop-cock attached to its neck; and, taking it to a gun-smith's forge in Philadelphia, we charged it with a small quantity of water. To the extremity of the neck, we attached the breech end of a musket barrel, having previously unscrewed the breech pin; loaded it with a musket ball; placed the æolopile on the fire, till a sufficiency of steam was supposed to be generated; and then (with a sudden jerk given the stop cock) the ball was dischar-

ged at a half inch board, which it perforated. This was several times repeated with equal effect. I cannot precisely say what was the distance between the board and the muzzle of the gun barrel. I can only observe, that the shop in which we operated was spacious, and the gun and our temporary target were as far apart as the room would allow.

In making this communication, Messrs. Editors, it is not for the purpose of deducting from Dr. Perkins any of the merit he may claim on the score of originality—for it is, by no means, probable that he ever heard of the Philadelphia experiment, though so long anterior to his own. Indeed, he must have been quite a youth at the time. Nor do I think there was any great *witchery* in our discovery; since, to every cogitative mind—not unacquainted with the expansive force of steam—it might have naturally occurred. At the request of Dr. Thornton, I certified in writing the several results—which certificate is now, presumably, among his papers.

Discoveries, similar in their kind, and apparently original at the time they were made, are known to have taken place (and, in some instances, simultaneously) in parts of the world far distant from each other;—but whose authors were utterly unknown to one another. Of several such coincidences I shall briefly notice but two—the one philosophical, the other literary: 1. Franklin in Philadelphia, and the Abbé Nollet in Paris; both engaged in electric researches: 2. Pope in England, and an obscure author in France, who wrote upwards of two centuries before him;—whose work, it is highly probable, Pope never saw nor heard of—and which, mere accident threw in my way. They both happened to hit upon a sentence, identically the same, both in signification and syntax; and which sentence has contributed, in no small degree, to the celebrity of the British Bard (*viz.*) 'The proper study of mankind, is Man'—*L'étude propre des hommes est l'homme.*

Cin. March 26.

G. TURNER.

Biographical Criticism.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON.

[We take pleasure in furnishing our readers with another rich treat from the gifted pen of SIR WALTER SCOTT,—in the following Biographical and Critical Notice of the 'Corypheus' of English literature. With all his surliness and dogmatism, Dr. JOHNSON must be allowed to have possessed an excellent heart:—and there are few names which will be longer remembered with veneration and delight, than the author of *RASSELAS* and the *RAMBLER*.]

Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as

person, manners, disposition, and conversation, are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recal to the imagination at once, his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only what he said, but how he said it; and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his bon mots did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and, although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

All this, as the world well knows, arises from Johnson having found in James Boswell such a biographer, as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have. The performance, which chiefly resembles it in structure, is the life of the philosopher Demophon, in Lucian; but that slight sketch is far inferior in detail and in vivacity to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, considering the eminent persons to whom it relates, the quantity of miscellaneous information and entertaining gossip which it brings together, may be termed, without exception, the best parlour-window book that ever was written. Accordingly, such has been the reputation which it has enjoyed, that it renders useless even the form of an abridgment, which is the less necessary in this work, as the great Lexicographer only stands connected with the department of fictitious narrative by the brief tale of *Rasselas*.

A few dates and facts may be briefly recalled, for the sake of uniformity of plan, after which we will venture to offer a few remarks upon *Rasselas*, and the character of its great author.

Samuel Johnson was born and educated in Litchfield, where his father was a country bookseller of some eminence, since he belonged to its magistracy. He was born 18th September, 1709. His school days were spent in his native city, and his education completed at Pembroke College, Oxford. Of gigantic strength of body, and mighty powers of mind, he was afflicted with that nameless disease on the spirits, which often rendered the latter useless; and externally deformed by a scrofulous complaint, the scars of which disfigured his otherwise strong and sensible countenance. The indigence of his parents compelled him to leave college upon his father's death in 1731, when he gathered in a succession of eleven pounds sterling. In poverty, however, his learning and his probity secured him respect. He was received in the best society of his native place. His first literary attempt, the translation of *Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*, appeared during this period, and probably led him, at a later period, to lay in that remote kingdom the scene of his philosophical tale, which follows this essay. About the same time he married a wife considerably older than himself, and attempted to set up a school in the neighbourhood of Litchfield. The project proved unsuccessful; and in 1737, he set out to try to mend his fortunes in London, attended by David Garrick. Johnson had with him his tragedy of *Irene*, and meant to commence dramatic author; Garrick was to be bred to the law: Fate had different designs for both.

There is little doubt, that upon his outset in London, Johnson felt in full force the ills which assail the unprotected scholar, whose parts are yet unknown to the public, and who must write

at once for bread and for distinction. His splendid imitation of Juvenal, *London*, a satire, was the first of his works which drew the attention of the public; yet, neither its celebrity, nor that of its more brilliant successor, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, the deep and pathetic morality of which has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental, could save the poet from the irksome drudgery of a writer of all work. His *Irene*, also, was unfortunate on the stage, and his valuable hours were consumed in obscure labour. He was fortunate however, in a strong and virtuous power of thinking, which prevented his plunging into those excesses, in which neglected genius, in catching at momentary gratification, is so apt to lose character and respectability. While his friend, Savage, was wasting considerable powers in temporary gratification, Johnson was advancing slowly but surely into a higher class of society. The powers of his pen were supported by those of his conversation; he lost no friend by misconduct, and each new friend whom he made became his admirer.

The booksellers, also, were sensible of his value as a literary labourer, and employed him in that laborious and gigantic task, a Dictionary of the Language. How it is executed, is well-known, and sufficiently surprising, considering that the learned author was a stranger to the Northern languages, on which English is radically grounded, and that the discoveries in grammar, since made by Horne Tooke, were then unknown. In the mean time, the publication of the *Rambler*, though not very successful during its progress, stamped the character of the author as one of the first moral writers of the age, and as eminently qualified to write, and even to improve the English language.

In 1752, Johnson was deprived of his wife, a loss which he appears to have felt most deeply. After her death, society, the best of which was now open to a man who brought such stores to increase its pleasures, seems to have been his principal enjoyment, and his great resource when assailed by that malady of mind which embittered his solitary moments.

The *Idler*, scarce so popular as the *Rambler*, followed in 1758, *Rasselas* was hastily composed, in order to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, and some small debts which she had contracted. This beautiful tale was composed in one week, and sent in portions to the printer. Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he never afterwards read it over. The publishers paid the author an hundred pounds, with twenty-four more, when the work came to a second edition.

The mode in which *Rasselas* was composed, the purposes for which it was written, show that the author's situation was still embarrassed. But his circumstances became more easy in 1762, when a pension of 300*l.* placed him beyond the drudgery of laboring for mere subsistence. It was distinctly explained, that this grant was made on public grounds alone, and intended as homage to Johnson's services for literature. But two political pamphlets, *The False Alarm*, and that upon the *Falkland Islands*, afterwards showed that the author was grateful.

In 1765, pushed forward by the satire of Churchill, Johnson published his subscription *Shakspeare*, for which proposals had been long in circulation.

The author's celebrated *Journey to the Hebrides* was published in 1775. Whatever might be his prejudices against Scotland, its natives must concede, that many of his remarks concerning the poverty and barrenness of the country, tended to produce those subsequent exertions, which

have done much to remedy the causes of reproach. The Scots were angry because Johnson was not enraptured with their scenery, which, from a defect of bodily organs, he could neither see nor appreciate; and they seem to have set rather too high a rate on the hospitality paid to a stranger, when they contended it should shut the mouth of a literary traveller upon all subjects but those of panegyric. Dr. Johnson took a better way of repaying the civilities he received, by exercising kindness and hospitality in London to all such friends as he had received attention from in Scotland.

His pamphlet, entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, which drew upon him much wrath from those who supported the American cause, is written in a strain of high toryism, and tended to promote an event, pregnant with much good and evil,—the separation of the mother country from the American colonies.

In 1777, he was engaged in one of his most pleasing, as well as most popular works, *The Lives of the British Poets*, which he executed with a degree of critical force and talent which has seldom been concentrated.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honoured with general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy.—But Heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally, with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Anak; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom, and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even Mrs. Thrale seems at length to have thought that the honor of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favour of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority; resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above

observance of the common rules of society. It must be also remarked, that in Johnson's time, the literary society of London, was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to launch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. —It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

Of *Rasselas*, translated into so many languages, and so widely circulated through the literary world, the merits have been long justly appreciated. It was composed in solitude and sorrow; and the melancholy cast of feeling which it exhibits, sufficiently evinces the temper of the author's mind. The resemblance, in some respects, betwixt the tenor of the moral and that of *Candide*, is so striking, that Johnson himself admitted, that if the authors could possibly have seen each other's manuscript, they could not have escaped the charge of plagiarism. But they resemble each other like a wholesome and a poisonous fruit. The object of the witty Frenchman is to lead to a distrust of the wisdom of the great Governor of the universe, by presuming to arraign him of incapacity before the creatures of his will. Johnson uses arguments drawn from the same premises, with the benevolent view of encouraging men to look to another and a better world, for the satisfaction of wishes, which in this seem only to be awakened in order to be disappointed. The one is a fiend—a merry devil, we grant—who scoffs at, and derides, human miseries; the other, a friendly though grave philosopher, who shews us the nothingness of earthly hopes, to teach us that our affections ought to be placed elsewhere.

The work can scarce be termed a narrative, being in a great measure void of incident; it is rather a set of moral dialogues on the various vicissitudes of human life, its follies, its fears, its hopes, and its wishes, and the disappointment in which all terminate. The style is in Johnson's best manner; enriched and rendered sonorous by the triads and quaternions which he so much loved, and balanced with an art which perhaps he derived from the learned Sir Thomas Brown. The reader may sometimes complain, with Boswell, that the unalleviated picture of human helplessness and misery, leaves sadness upon the mind after perusal. But the moral is to be found in the conclusion of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, a poem which treats of the same melancholy subject, and closes with this sublime strain of morality:

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she cannot find.

POLITICAL.

INAUGURAL SPEECH,

DELIVERED IN THE CAPITOL, MARCH 4, 1825,
BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN compliance with an usage coeval with the existence of our Federal Constitution, and sanctioned by the example of my predecessors in the career upon which I am about to enter, I appear, my fellow citizens, in your presence, and in that of Heaven, to bind myself by the solemnities of religious obligation, to the faithful performance of the duties allotted to me in the station to which I have been called.

In unfolding to my countrymen the principles by which I shall be governed, in the fulfilment of those duties, my first resort will be to that Constitution, which I shall swear, to the best of my ability to preserve, protect, and defend. That revered instrument enumerates the powers, and prescribes the duties of the Executive Magistrate, and, in its first words, declares the purposes to which these, and the whole actions of the Government, instituted by it, should be invariably and sacredly devoted:—to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to the people of this Union, in their successive generations. Since the adoption of this social compact, one of these generations have passed away. It is the work of our forefathers.—Administered by some of the most eminent men who contributed to its formation, through all the vicissitudes of peace and war, incidental to the condition of associated man, it has not disappointed the hopes and aspirations of those illustrious benefactors of their age and nation. It has promoted the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all; it has, to an extent, far beyond the ordinary lot of humanity, secured the freedom and happiness of this people.—We now receive it as a precious inheritance from those to whom we are indebted for its establishment, doubly bound by the examples which they have left us, and by the blessings which we have enjoyed, as the fruits of their labors, to transmit the same, unimpaired, to the succeeding generation.

In the compass of thirty-six years since this great national covenant was instituted, a body of laws, enacted under its authority, and in conformity with its provisions, has unfolded its powers, and carried into practical operation its effective energies. Subordinate departments have distributed the Executive functions in their various relations to foreign affairs, to the revenue and expenditures, and to the military force of the Union, by land and sea. A co-ordinate department of the Judiciary has expounded the Constitution and the laws; settling, in harmonious coincidence with the Legislative will, numerous weighty questions of construction, which the imperfection of human language had rendered unavoidable. The year of Jubilee, since the foundation of our Union, has just elapsed; that of the Declaration of our Independence, is at hand. The consummation was effected by this Constitution.

Since that period, a population of four millions has multiplied to twelve; a territory bounded by the Mississippi, has been extended from sea to sea; new states have been admitted to the Union, in numbers nearly equal to those of the first Confederation; treaties of peace, amity, and commerce, have been concluded with the principal dominions of the earth; the people of other nations, inhabitants of regions acquired, not by conquest, but by compact, have been united with us in the participation of our rights and duties, of our burdens and blessings; the forest has fallen by the axe of our woodsmen; the soil has been made to teem by the tillage of our farmers; our commerce has whitened every ocean; the dominion of man over physical nature has been extended by the invention of our artists; Liberty and Law have marched hand in hand; all the purposes of human association have been accomplished as effectively, as under any other Government on the globe; and at a cost little exceeding, in a whole generation, the expenditure of other nations in a single year.

Such is the unexaggerated picture of our condition,

under a constitution founded upon the republican principle of equal rights. To admit that this picture has its shades, is but to say that it is still the condition of men upon earth. From evil, physical, moral, and political, it is not our claim to be exempt. We have suffered sometimes by the visitation of Heaven, through disease; often, by the wrongs and injustice of other nations, even to the extremities of war; and, lastly, by dissensions among ourselves—dissensions, perhaps inseparable from the enjoyment of freedom, but which have, more than once, appeared to threaten the dissolution of the Union, and with it, the overthrow of all the enjoyments of our present lot, and all our earthly hopes of the future. The causes of these dissensions have been various: founded upon differences of speculation in the theory of republican government; upon conflicting views of policy, in our relations with foreign nations; upon jealousies of partial and sectional interests, aggravated by prejudices and prepossessions which strangers to each other are ever apt to entertain.

It is a source of gratification and encouragement to me, to observe that the great result of this experiment, upon the theory of human rights, has, at the close of that generation by which it was formed, been crowned with success, equal to the most sanguine expectations of its founders. Union, justice, tranquility, the common defence, the general welfare, and the blessings of liberty,—all have been promoted by the government under which we have lived. Standing at this point of time; looking back to that generation which has gone by, and forward to that which is advancing, we may, at once, indulge in grateful exultation, and in cheering hope. From the experience of the past, we derive instructive lessons for the future. Of the two great political parties which have divided the opinions and feelings of our country, the candid and the just will now admit, that both have contributed splendid talents, spotless integrity, ardent patriotism, and disinterested sacrifices, to the formation and administration of this government, and that both have required a liberal indulgence for a portion of human infirmity and error. The Revolutionary wars of Europe, commencing precisely at the moment when the government of the U. States first went into operation under this Constitution, excited a collision of sentiments and of sympathies, which kindled all the passions, and embittered the conflict of parties, till the nation was involved in war, and the Union was shaken to its centre. This time of trial embraced a period of five and twenty years, during which, the policy of the Union, in its relations with Europe, constituted the principal basis of our political divisions, and the most arduous part of the action of our Federal Government. With the catastrophe in which the wars of the French Revolution terminated, and our own subsequent peace with Great Britain, this baneful weed of party strife was uprooted. From that time, no difference of principle, connected either with the theory of government, or with our intercourse with foreign nations, has existed or been called forth, in force sufficient to sustain a continued combination of parties, or to give more than wholesome animation to public sentiment, or legislative debate. Our political creed is, without a dissenting voice, that can be heard—That the will of the people is the source, and the happiness of the people is the end, of all legitimate government upon earth—That the best security for the beneficence, and the best guaranty against the abuse of power, consists in the freedom, the purity, and the frequency of popular elections—That the General Government of the Union, and the separate Governments of the States, are all sovereignties of limited powers; fellow-servants of the same masters: uncontrolled within their respective spheres—uncontrollable by encroachments upon each other—That the firmest security of peace is the preparation, during peace, of the defences of war—That a rigorous economy, and accountability of public expenditures, should guard against the aggravation, and alleviate, when possible, the burden of taxation—That the military should be kept in strict subordination to the civil power—That the freedom of the press and of religious opinion should be inviolate—That the policy of our country is peace, and the ark of our salvation union, are articles of faith upon which we are all now agreed. If there have been those who doubted whether a con-

federated representative democracy were a government competent to the wise and orderly management of the common concerns of a mighty nation, those doubts have been dispelled. If there have been projects of partial confederacies to be erected upon the ruins of the Union, they have been scattered to the winds—If there have been dangerous attachments to one foreign nation, and antipathies against another, they have been extinguished. Ten years of peace, at home and abroad, have assuaged the animosities of political contention, and blended into harmony the most discordant elements of public opinion. There still remains one effort of magnanimity, one sacrifice of prejudice and passion, to be made by the individuals throughout the nation, who have heretofore followed the standards of political party. It is that of discarding every remnant of rancor against each other; of embracing, as countrymen and friends; and of yielding to talents and virtue alone, that confidence which, in times of contention for principle, was bestowed only upon those who bore the badge of party communion.

The collisions of party spirit, which originate in speculative opinions, or in different views of administrative policy, are, in their nature, transitory. Those which are founded on geographical divisions, adverse interests of soil, climate, and modes of domestic life, are more permanent, and therefore perhaps more dangerous. It is this which gives inestimable value to the character of our government, at once federal and national. It holds out to us a perpetual admonition, to preserve alike, and with equal anxiety, the rights of each individual State in its own government, and the rights of the whole nation in that of the Union. Whatsoever is of domestic encouragement, unconnected with the other members of the Union, or with foreign lands, belongs exclusively to the administration of the State Governments: whatsoever directly involves the rights and interests of the federative fraternity, or of foreign powers, is of the resort of this General Government. The duties of both are obvious in the general principle, though sometimes perplexed with difficulties in the detail. To respect the rights of the State Governments, is the inviolable duty of that of the Union; the Government of every State will feel its own obligation to respect and preserve the rights of the whole. The prejudices, every where too commonly entertained against distant strangers, are worn away, and the jealousies of jarring interests are allayed, by the competition and functions of the great National Councils, annually assembled from all quarters of the Union, at this place. Here the distinguished men from every section of our country, while meeting to deliberate upon the great interests of those by whom they are deputed, learn to estimate the talents, and do justice to the virtues of each other. The harmony of the nation is promoted, and the whole Union is knit together, by the sentiments of mutual respect, the habits of social intercourse, and the ties of personal friendship, formed between the representatives of its several parts, in the performance of their service at this metropolis.

Passing from this general review of the purposes and injunctions of the Federal Constitution, and their results, as indicating the first traces of the path of duty in the discharge of my public trust, I turn to the administration of my immediate predecessor, as the second. It has passed away in a period of profound peace; how much to the satisfaction of our country, and to the honor of our country's name, is known to you all. The great features of its policy, in general concurrence with the will of the Legislature, have been—to cherish peace, while preparing for defensive war; to yield exact justice to other nations, and maintain the rights of our own; to cherish the principles of freedom and of equal rights, wherever they were proclaimed; to discharge, with all possible promptitude, the national debt; to reduce, within the narrowest limits of efficacy, the military force; to improve the organization and discipline of the army; to provide and sustain a school of military science; to extend equal protection to all the great interests of the nation; to promote the

civilization of the Indian tribes; and, to proceed in the great system of internal improvements, within the limits of the constitutional power of the Union. Under the pledge of these promises, made by that eminent citizen, at the time of his first induction to this office, in his career of eight years, the internal taxes have been repealed; sixty millions of the public debt have been discharged; provision has been made for the comfort and relief of the aged and indigent among the surviving warriors of the Revolution; the regular armed force has been reduced, and its constitution revised and perfected; the accountability for the expenditure of public moneys has been made more effective; the Floridas have been peaceably acquired, and our boundary has been extended to the Pacific Ocean; the independence of the southern nations of this hemisphere has been recognized and recommended by example and by counsel, to the potentates of Europe; progress has been made in the defence of the country, by fortifications, and the increase of the navy; towards the effectual suppression of the African traffic in slaves; in alluring the aboriginal hunters of our land to the cultivation of the soil and of the mind; in exploring the interior regions of the Union; and in preparing, by scientific researches and surveys, for the further application of our national resources to the internal improvement of our country.

In this brief outline of the promise and performance of my immediate predecessor, the line of duty, for his successor, is clearly delineated. To pursue to their consummation, those purposes of improvement in our common condition, instituted or recommended by him, will embrace the whole sphere of my obligations. To the topic of internal improvement, emphatically urged by him at his inauguration, I recur with peculiar satisfaction. It is that from which I am convinced that the unborn millions of our posterity, who are, in future ages, to people this continent, will derive their most fervent gratitude to the founders of the Union; that, in which the beneficent action of its Government will be most deeply felt and acknowledged. The magnificence and splendor of their public works are among the imperishable glories of the ancient Republics. The roads and aqueducts of Rome have been the admiration of all after ages, and have survived, thousands of years after all her conquests have been swallowed up in despotism, or become the spoil of Barbarians. Some diversity of opinion has prevailed with regard to the powers of Congress for Legislation upon objects of this nature. The most respectful deference is due to doubts, originating in pure patriotism, and sustained by venerated authority. But nearly twenty years have passed since the construction of the first National Road was commenced. The authority for its construction was then unquestioned. To how many thousands of our countrymen has it proved a benefit? To what single individual has it ever proved an injury? Repeated liberal and candid discussions in the Legislature have conciliated the sentiments, and approximated the opinions of enlightened minds, upon the question of Constitutional power. I cannot but hope that, by the same process of friendly, patient, and persevering deliberation, all Constitutional objections will ultimately be removed. The extent and limitation of the powers of the General Government, in relation to this transcendently important interest, will be settled and acknowledged, to the satisfaction of all; and every speculative scruple will be solved by a practical public blessing.

Fellow citizens you are acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of the recent election,

which have resulted in affording me the opportunity of addressing you, at this time. You have heard the exposition of the principles which will direct me in the fulfilment of the high and solemn trust imposed upon me in this station.—Less possessed of your confidence, in advance, than any of my predecessors, I am deeply conscious of the prospect that I shall stand, more and oftner in need of your indulgence. Intentions, upright and pure; a heart devoted to the welfare of our country, and the unceasing application of all the faculties allotted to me, to her service, are all the pledges I can give, for the faithful performance of the arduous duties I am to undertake. To the guidance of the Legislative councils; to the assistance of the Executive and subordinate Departments; to the friendly co-operation of the respective State Governments; to the candid and liberal support of the People, so far as it may be deserved by honest industry and zeal, I shall look for whatever success may attend my public service: and knowing, that, except the Lord keep the City, the watchman walketh but in vain, with fervent supplications for his favor, to his over-ruling Providence I commit, with humble but fearless confidence, my own fate, and the future destinies of my country.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

ON PROJECTORS.

I am more upon my guard against phlegm in a projector, than against enthusiasm.

The phlegmatic may deceive me, but the enthusiast is the first deceived himself.

The one is dangerous, because he has foreseen and is prepared for my objections: the other has never dreamt that a sensible person could start any: his imagination has served him so well as to surmount all obstacles, and smooth all difficulties.

Coldness is the high road to obstinacy; we must not pretend to argue with madmen, sceptics, or the self-sufficient. Enthusiasm naturally flags and subsides, because the animal spirits, which are the cause of it, are dissipated and exhausted; and the imagination once cooled, is soon brought to reason.

One can't see the end of the phlegmatic man's projects; they are trees, which are many years before they bear fruit: the projects of the enthusiast miscarry or succeed at once, like trees which the art of the chemist covers almost in the same instant with fruits and flowers.

Whether is the bold or the timorous man preferable in a counsel?

The man of a bold genius sees nothing but the expediency of his project; he but half sees its defects; he defies prejudices, and pays no deference to authority: he always maintains that the safety of the state is the supreme law.

The timorous man is averse to every thing that requires exalted views: whatever appears to him singular, becomes suspicious: he is apprehensive of futurity: he is slow in all his proceedings: he always alleges, that the state will easily support itself by the same principles by which it has been supported hitherto.

The true statesman steers the middle course between these two extremities. Whilst he respects prejudices, he puts the laws in force: he compares the times; weighs the dangers and the hopes, the advantages and the losses: examines with caution, decides with wisdom, executes with courage, purposes with firmness, pursues his point with constancy, and succeeds with applause.

DE PALAJOS.

CINCINNATI:

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1825.

GENERAL JACKSON

Is expected to arrive in Cincinnati to-day; and suitable preparations are understood to be made for receiving him in a manner worthy of the gallant protector of our southern frontier from the disastrous consequences of surrendering to the arms of a brutal enemy. We have only to hope that, on this occasion, the bitterness of party feeling will be laid aside; and the proceedings of our citizens be alike characterized by Temperance, Gratitude and Patriotism.

For ourselves, though not among the political partizans of Gen. Jackson,—we yet claim to be just to his high deserts, and grateful for his signal services. That these are not new formed sentiments the following extract from an occasional poem, written several years ago, will sufficiently attest.

We think however that a splendid BALL would meet the wishes of a greater number of our citizens than the proposed Dinner;—both because it would enable more persons, and of both sexes, to be present; and on account of its affording Mrs. J. an opportunity of participating in the honours conferred on her distinguished husband. We trust the proposed arrangement for having a full length PORTRAIT taken by the faithful pencil of Mr. Corwine, will not fail to be carried into effect.

[From 'A New-Year's Lay,' for the Cincinnati Gazette, of 1816.]

First on the scroll of martial fame,
O JACKSON, be thy honoured name!
For thou—when every patriot breast,
With fears that could not be repress,
Beheld that veteran army come,
With thrilling life and rolling drum,
And, fast upon New-Orleans' shore,
Its thousands after thousands pour;
—Mid all these dangers and alarms,
Thy dauntless spirit rushed to arms;
Invoked the genius of the soil,
And bade the invading foe recoil.
For this, thy Country's thanks receive—
The highest honours earth can give!

Nor let thy bold associate band,
Who fought upon that bloody strand,
Be unrewarded or forgot—
Columbia! O, forget them not!
With COFFEE, CARROLL, and ADAIR,
Each shall a wreath of glory wear;—
Their deeds shall after-times inspire
With patriot zeal and martial fire.

"THE DEBT OF OHIO."

The Editor of the STEUBENVILLE HERALD, who is opposed to the system of internal improvement lately adopted by this state, has recently published in his paper, a statement of what he is pleased to term the *Debt of Ohio*.—The object of this publication is evidently to create distrust among the capitalists of the Eastern states as to the solvency of Ohio, and thus to impede the progress of our Canals. The Editor

may be honest in his opposition to these public works, but is he not uncandid in his statement about this debt? Has he not endeavored indirectly to create a belief that the government of Ohio is largely indebted, and do not his paragraphs warrant this conclusion? If the Editor had not felt disposed to produce an unfavorable impression in regard to the state, he should have mentioned that our state treasury is solvent, that Ohio contains 25,000,000 of fertile acres, covered by 800,000 industrious inhabitants: that the whole debt of 4,000,000 due to the local and U.S. banks, is owing by less than 5000 individuals; and that the great mass of the people are free from debt, and are enjoying the advantages of a fertile soil, healthy climate, salutary laws, a sound circulating medium, and great political tranquility. The prosperity of Ohio is perhaps unsurpassed at this time by any state in the Union. How uncandid, then, to endeavor to involve the whole state in a debt due from a very small proportion of her citizens. Suppose that these 5000 individuals, instead of 4 were indebted \$20,000,000, what effect would that have upon the general prosperity and wealth of the state? None whatever. As well might it be contended that the million and a half of dollars owing some time since by a couple of speculators in Baltimore to the U. S. Bank, proved the general insolvency of that flourishing city, or that it constituted a debt due from the state of Maryland.

We observe that the National Gazette has copied the paragraph of which we have been speaking. It is not however to be presumed that the enlightened Editor of that valuable paper would knowingly lend his aid in giving credence to a statement artfully drawn up, and calculated to paralyze the efforts of a young and enterprising state, when just embarking in a grand system of internal improvement.

In the U. S. Literary Gazette, we are much pleased to observe a series of letters on the subject of English Grammar, written by a person possessed of good common sense, which he does not lay aside, according to established precedent, when considering this abstruse subject.—The progress of improvement has, in the present age, been more slow, in this, than any other science,—although it appears to have received its proportionate share of attention. One radical fault seems to have prevailed in all our systems of English Grammar,—that of endeavoring to force it to adapt itself to the grammars of other languages—particularly the Latin—instead of forming a grammar adapted expressly and entirely to our own tongue. It would be a task worthy the labours of some one of our eminent scholars to give the world a real grammar of the English language; and that our country possesses at least one person capable of performing this task cannot be doubted, while

she can boast of such a man as Mr. DUPONCEAU, of Philadelphia; whose talents if devoted to this subject, would doubtless enable him to achieve such a work as would be honorable and useful to his country, and entitle him to the gratitude of all his countrymen who wish to understand the principles of their native language. †

TRANSLYVANIA UNIVERSITY.

The Medical department of this institution held its commencement on Monday the 14th inst. when the Degree of Doctor of Medicine, was conferred on 56 Medical Students;—4 of whom are from Ohio. The chair of the THEORY and PRACTICE has not yet been filled;—but there is every probability of its being supplied in a way calculated to promote the honour and prosperity of the College. From a catalogue recently published it appears that the total number of Students in the University is 400;—of which 30 belong to the Law, and 234 to the Medical department. It is further stated that "the number from abroad is 48 more than it was last year, and still greater in relation to any previous one."

LAND OFFICE APPOINTMENTS.

PEYTON S. SYMMES has been re-appointed Register of the Land Office, at Cincinnati.

ANDREW M. BAILEY is appointed Receiver of Public Monies for the District of Cincinnati, —vice Gen. James Findlay resigned.

JESSE SPENCER has been re-appointed Register at Chillicothe; JOHN BADOLET at Vincennes; and SAMUEL GWATHMEY at Jeffersonville.

THE CINCINNATI LIBRARY.

P. S. SYMMES (President) T. PEIRCE, C. FLETCHER, S. REYNOLDS, J. WOOLLEY, J. T. JONES, and A. DENNISTON,—were on Saturday last, elected Directors of this institution, for the ensuing year.

General Summary.

NATIONAL APPOINTMENTS.

HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky, to be Secretary of State.

RICHARD RUSH, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury.

JAMES BARBOUR, of Virginia, Secretary of War.

ALEX. H. EVERETT, of Massachusetts, Minister to Spain.

JOEL R. POINSETT, of South-Carolina to be Minister to Mexico.

Lieut. Col. ROGER JONES, to be Adjutant General of the Army of the United States.

CONDY RAGUET, of Pennsylvania, to be Charge des Affaires at Rio Janeiro (Brazil.)

THOS. L. BRENT, to be Charge des Affaires at Lisbon (Portugal.)

JEREMY ROBINSON, of Virginia, has been appointed Consul at Rio Janeiro, vice Mr. RAGUET.

WILLIAM C. SOMMERVILL, of Maryland, to be Charge des Affaires to Sweden.

JOHN M. FORBES, of Virginia, to be Charge des Affaires to Buenos Ayres.

Gen. GEORGE IZARD, to be Governor of the Territory of Arkansas.

An important Constitutional question was yesterday decided in the Senate, by the refusal to admit Mr. Lanman to a Seat in the Senate, under a commission from the Governor, granted before the expiration of Mr. L.'s late term of service. This is the first time this question has been adjudicated under such circumstances as to form a precedent; and we presume it may now be considered as a settled construction of the Constitutional provision, that a vacancy must have literally "happened," or come to pass, before an appointment can be made to fill it. The case has once been questioned, and decided differently, but it was in strong party times, all the Federal Members voting for the Member's taking his seat, and all the Democratic Members against it; under which circumstances the decision has not been much respected as a precedent. So far as it was a precedent, it is now reversed.—*National Intelligencer*, March 8.

A report has been raised, and has spread very widely, we observe, that Chief Justice Marshall is about to resign the important trust which he discharges with such universal respect. We feel ourselves authorized to state, and we do so with much pleasure, that the report is wholly unfounded. We hope the country will yet enjoy, for many years, the benefit of his luminous mind, and upright judgment.—*Nat. Intel.*

Ohio and Erie Canal.—The Engineers have ascertained that there is neither rock nor quicksand in the Licking summit, by boring to the depth of the Canal line in several places.

The "JEW BILL," as it is called—or a bill to alter the constitution so as to relieve persons from political disqualifications on account of their religious opinions, has again passed both branches of the legislature of Maryland—in the house of delegates by a vote of 26 to 25; only 51 out of 80 members being present. Before it is effective it must be passed by the next succeeding legislature. A law abolishing the imprisonment of females for debt has also passed, as well as a supplement to the usury law in favor of bona fide holders of negotiable securities, where those securities have been tainted with usury in their inception. *Niles' Register.*

LONDON, Feb. 8.

It is said, that Sir Charles Stuart proceeds forthwith to Lisbon, and thence to Rio de Janeiro, invested with full powers by the King of Portugal, to conclude the differences between Brazil and the mother country, on the basis suggested by the British Government.

The Rev. Mr. Colton, author of *Lacon*, was at Paris in the early part of February.

On the morning of the 26th of January, the east end of the Long Room of the London Custom House, sunk with a tremendous crash—luckily before the clerks arrived, or the consequences would have been serious. Afterwards all the business was obliged to be done in the Bench Office.

Type Founding.—Among the improvements displayed at the late exhibition of French manufactures, was a method of Type Founding by Henry Didot, by which 140 Types, absolutely uniform, are cast at a single jet. The process was first exhibited in 1806, but has been greatly perfected since.

The Chinese, it appears from recent experiments, have a mode of adulterating black tea, by means of sandy particles, or minute crystals of magnetic iron, sometimes to such a degree, that parts of the leaves may be lifted by a magnet. These particles may occasionally be detected at the bottom of a tea cup.

A literary treasure of no common value, and of most singular rarity, has, within the last few weeks been brought to light. This exhumated

curiosity is a book in small quarto, said to have been once possessed by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but not alluded to by him, containing the scarce editions of eleven of Shakspeare's Plays, among which is Hamlet. The following is the title under which this tragedy appears:—"The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shake-speare. As it has been diuers times acted by his Highnesse Seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603."

The Hon. Timothy Pitkin is about to publish "Sketches of the Civil and Political History of the United States, from their first settlement to the close of the administration of President Washington." The settlement of the Colonies; the peace of 1763; the establishment of the General Government under the new Constitution in 1789; and the close of Gen. Washington's administration will constitute the divisions of his work. It is said that the author proposes, if the work succeeds, as it undoubtedly will, to publish another volume which shall contain the history of later matters. The civil and commercial, as well as religious and political concerns of the country, at and between these important periods, will be attended to; and from the well known character of Mr. Pitkin, not only as a man of talents equal to such a work, and of all the fairness necessary to an historian—but as pre-eminently a matter of fact man, and a man who had the most extensive means, as well as the most determined disposition, to arrive at facts, the public will anticipate the success of this work with very strong wishes for its speedy appearance.—*Conn. Mir.*

From the Boston Medical Intelligencer.

Dr. Geitner, a skilful chemist in Schneeberg, in Saxony, has invented a new metallic compound, the qualities of which very much resemble those of silver. It is malleable, and is not subject to rust or tarnish. Candlesticks, spurs, &c. have already been fabricated with this composition—and it is highly probable that the discovery will lead to great alterations in the manufacture of goods.

To make Sealing Wafers.—Take very fine flour, mix it with glaire of eggs, isinglass, and a little yeast; mingle the materials; beat them well together, make the batter thin with gum water, spread it even on tin plates, and dry it in stoves; then cut them for use. You may make them what color you please, by coloring the paste, say with Brazil or Vermillion for red, indigo, &c. for blue, &c.

To take off instantly a Copy from a Print or Picture.—Make water of soap and alum, with which wet a cloth or paper; lay either on a print or picture and pass it once under the rolling press; you will have a very fine copy of whatever you have laid it upon;—[but, will not the original be injured in the process?]

To clean Pictures.—Make a lye with clean water and wood ashes; in this dip the sponge and rub the picture over, and it will cleanse it perfectly. The same may be done with white wine with the same effect.

Food and Physic.—If you have a severe cold and are very hoarse, have some watergruel prepared in the ordinary way; when nearly ready slice in two or three good onions; simmer it again twenty minutes; pour it out; put in a lump of butter, with pepper and salt, and eat it (with bread if you are hungry;) go to bed soon after; the next morning, if you are not quite well, you will be much improved, and willing to try a second dose, which will certainly effect a cure.

MEDICAL.

THE subscriber is now engaged in the abridgement of "GOOD'S STUDY OF MEDICINE," to which will be affixed numerous annotations, illustrative of the peculiarities of the Pathology and Therapeutics of the medical diseases which have prevailed in the great Valleys of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, during the last thirty years.

Sensible of his dependence on his medical brethren, he asks of them all the aid which they may have leisure or disposition to bestow on such an object. No apology is offered for this undertaking, except, that no general work of reference has heretofore been written on this subject between the thirtieth and fortieth degrees of north latitude; and that those foreign medical authorities are badly adapted to the diseases of our climate, until divested of their errors and superfluities, and have engrafted on them the growths of domestic observation and experience.

To the Physicians of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, and Virginia, the subscriber will look, as the source whence much instruction will be derived; and from whom he will thankfully receive, (through the medium of the post office or otherwise) written histories of all the important or anomalous cases, which may have fallen under their notice, together with the treatment and result in every case.

I. HOUGH, M. D.

Cincinnati, Ohio, 21st March, 1825.

The Western Museum.

THIS EVENING the Rev. Mr. ROBINSON will close his Course of Lectures on Ancient History, in this Institution. March 26th.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The REGISTER's Notice to Land Debtors shall have a place in our next. In the meantime it will doubtless appear in the other papers of the city,—so as to be circulated throughout the District, before it is too late to be of service to those concerned.

The INVOCATION TO SLEEP,—selected from a manuscript volume by the late Judge Symmes, (the elder,)—tho' written nearly half a century ago, will be found to contain passages whose truth, freshness and beauty, are not every day surpassed in the more recent productions of our American Bards.

The MONODY, though written several years ago, has not heretofore been published.

The length of our SELECTIONS, this week, may at the first glance be somewhat alarming to our friends:—but we are confident of the approbation of those who have the resolution to read them. The next number, however, will contain a greater variety;—sundry articles, both Editorial and communicated, having been, for the present, crowded out.

We have received several flattering notices of our labours—which, with true editorial modesty, we are obliged to omit publishing. The following, only, is submitted as a specimen;—with the hope that the example may prove extensively contagious.

"I have loaned several numbers of your very interesting paper to female friends in —, with which they are so much pleased,—that all hands have, or will become subscribers."

As there are several members of our Corps Editorial, [e. g.—T, F, S, &c.] the public will not expect to find an exact coincidence of sentiment in every paragraph that appears. It must suffice that all our views are honest, and that few of our opinions are dissimilar.

Original Poetry.

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come, gentle sleep! thou most efficient power,
Whether by darkness or on dew-drops borne,—
Or from the skies descend, or caverns rise,—
And, with thy magic, touch my fault'ring tongue;
Inspire me to invoke thee as I ought,
With dying sounds,—and banish every din;
Display thy peaceful wings, and sooth my eyes,
Grown heavy by thy most unkind neglect.

I ask not thy approach where revelry
With noise and uproar may affright thee thence:
Meet me, thy vot'ry, in some silent bower,
Where not a whisper shall alarm thy steps;—
Or in the grove, where softest zephyrs dance,
And aid thine influence with their friendly fan;
Or, on the bank of some smooth-gliding rill,
Whose ambient waters in wild eddies play,
And with faint murmurs, lurking pebbles chide.
There, on a couch bedecked with violets,
Curtained with eglantine, thy suppliant meet,
And drive his fears,—and drive his cares away!
—Or art thou better pleased, in humble cot,
Where luxury and rapine never come?
Then meet me there! To welcome thy approach
Some rural ditty, or soft elegy,
With feeble voice, and nodding brow, I'll chant.

Come, gentle pow'r, of high import to man!
What e'er thou art—no matter what—come thou,
Increate, or self-existent, like a God—
Or shade, or substance,—rest upon my head;
Diffuse through all my frame, for thee inebriate,
Thy life-preserving, 'vigorating spell,
Or charm, or fascination, undefined!
I owe thee much, already; but the past
Are soon forgot, when favours discontinue:
—Yet, if eulogiums please, I'll pay thee mine.

When nature's author the great truth announced,
Which Adam's sons through every age have
That "Tis not good for man to be alone;"
To the grand consult thou, as second came,
And acted well thy part: thy dewy wand
Stretched over Adam,—drowsy he became:
To where thy poppies in the garden grew,
Thou led'st him to repose:—along he lay
On his left side, with all his senses drown'd;
While from his right a rib extracted;—borrow'd
By God's own hand, was moulded into Woman;
Adorn'd with every grace—mild, fair, or good.

Hear now my prayer, O, thou nocturnal God!
And from thy star, or terrene mansion, come,
And point me out my rib; brood o'er my lids,
And, in a dream, present the Cherub to me!
My waking hours I'll spend to seek the fair:
When found, my life I'll spend to make her happy.

How oft, Great Power! in sacred record told,
Hast thou, in Dreams, convey'd to mortal man
Jehovah's will!—Old Jacob's fav'rite son,
In dream prophetic—saw the lamps of Heav'n
Descend around him, and his brother's sheaves
Bow to his sheaf: Great Pharaoh's servants
dream'd;

And, dreaming, learn'd their diff'rent destinies:
The direful famine, which on Egypt preyed,
To Egypt's king, while sleeping, was foretold:
God's premonition to th' Assyrian came,
As he lay dreaming on his royal bed:
The holy Prophets dream'd, and dreams disclosed;

And God to Joseph in a dream appeared,
And disappointed Herod's fell design.

To sing th' arcanum of thy laws, O sleep!
And great phenomenon of dreams, the muse,
Unequal to the task—forsakes; and yields
The palm to him whose bolder wing can soar,
And raise him to their origin and end:
—But what I can, accept, for I'm devout.

Ungrateful world—to call thee Death's half brother!

Thou hast no kindred, but Life's family.
Nature produces man:—then to thy care,
As fitly qualified to nurse the babe,
Commits his tender form: while thy fond arms
Kindly embrace him more than half his youth;—
With thee alone entirely satisfied.

Nor to the babe, alone, benevolent;—
Thy peaceful slumbers cheer the man mature;
Unbend the tight'ned fibres of his frame,
Grown tense from toil, or care, or writhing pain,—
And kindly moisten all his joints with rest,
Adding fresh vigour to his mind and limbs.

Beneath thy silent reign, propitious power!
Oft have I been indulg'd with fancied joys,
Which, in thy absence, I could never find.—
The Lover, who the live-long day complains,
And swells the breezes with his hopeless moan,
Because the idol of his soul's unkind;—
Nor listens to his artless, ardent vows,
Nay scornfully rejects his humble suit,
Or turns indiff'rent from the dying swain;—
Bewilder'd, o'er the fields alone he walks,
Absorb'd in thought:—his love inflames his breast
And agitates his soul:—with sighs he bursts,
Nor finds relief from aught his mind suggests.

By hope deserted,—raving—running mad:—
Wearied and lost,—beneath the friendly shade
Of spreading elm, or myrtle, down he lies,
In careless, pensive, mood: grief seals his lips,
And horror sits depicted on his front;—
Till courteous nature recommends to thee,
O powerful sleep! the piteous love sick swain.
'Tis then, and only then,—his joyful heart,
Wrapt to the height of human happiness,
By thy indulgence finds his fair-one kind;—
All glowing, and all radiant in his arms!
Transported now, he gazes with delight;
He hears, or thinks he hears, his angel say—
"Fond youth! believe me, I'm forever thine."

O how indulgent to the Miser-tribe,
Officious sleep! 'tis by thy hand they hoard
So many thousands of their fancied gold;—
No way inferior to their real dust,
Since both are useless to the world and them;—
And only in the mind are both enjoy'd.

To thee, kind sleep! the mortal Captive led
By foe victorious, for his rescue flies.
His chains remov'd, his soul exults with joy:
He leaves his prison, finds himself enlarged;
Borne on thy wings, he views his wish'd-for home,
And gaily banquets with his gladden'd friends.

The far-spent Sailor—tossing on the main,
In leaky hull, with tackle torn away;
His bread exhausted and his casks all stove;
His soul despairing e'er to gain the port
At which his friend, his wife, or sweet-heart
dwells,

Where all his prospects, all his hopes, are centred;
Still disappointed, made the sport of billows,—
By adverse winds, day after day, driv'n back;
—By thy soft slumbers, O benignant sleep!
In the fair haven of his joy arrives.

Nor are the Wise unlectur'd in thy school,
Thou monitor of man!—whose fleeting dreams,
With lively semblance, paint precarious life,
And all its pleasures, vanities and woes!

But it were endless to recount, oh sleep!
The varying scenes which thy soft influence gives:
Let it suffice, that I adore thy name,—
And pay thee pious homage:—guard thy saint,
Great power!—and hover round my bed each night;

Secure beneath thy mantle let me lie:
And, while I sleep, let all my dreams be pleasant.
E'en now descend, and sooth my soul to rest.
Thee I'd allure with all somniferous flow'rs,—
The fragrant red-rose, and the lily fair,—
The full-blown piony, and double pink—

With all narcotics which the garden gives.
But chiefly thee, O sleep! I would invoke
By thy pale nodding poppy's potent juice,
Whose pow'r supreme the Turkish sot can tell:
And sons of Esculapius hold it dear,
A sov'reign balsam for the body's pain.

Prone on my pillow, lo! I drowsing lie,
In perfect silence, save the cricket's trill,
Which, from some cranny where she lies conceal'd,

Wearies my ear with her tautology:—
While the dependent Moon, fair Queen of night,
Her silver orb rolls gently round the heavens;
And through my window darts her glimm'ring beams,

Which, on the floor, another sash portrays,
As my expiring taper dimly shines.

Come, gentle sleep!—hasten thy lazy heel;
With thy forgetful dew now bathe my eyes:
—Ah, now the god, with all his opiates, comes!
By turns I'm lost, and each idea's gone—
And then, rekindled in bewilder'd thought,
My reason reels, and staggers to and fro:—
But now—ah now—I dare be wholly lost!
My tongue forgets to sing:—welcome sweet sleep!

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS J. I. OF CINCINNATI.
Obit. June 12, 1817. Æt. 18.

How swells with grief each sympathetic heart,
As slowly following to the silent tomb,
When female worth and loveliness depart
In the full pride of youth's too-fleeting bloom!
O'er every face behold what pensive gloom!
From every eye how starts the unbidden tear!
To every bosom that bewails her doom
Rushes the memory of the dead so dear;—
And all her vanished charms more brightly re-appear.

Thus fell our blooming JANE:—thus mourn'd
was she

By all that knew her unassuming worth;—
For she was kind, and gentle, and with glee
Could oft enliven, with the voice of mirth,
Our social circle round the evening hearth,
Or win the ear with music's softest tone:—
But now, alas! she charms no more on earth;
And that sweet voice, and mind, and heart, are
flown,— [Throne!

To blend with purer souls around OUR FATHER'S
And if to each loved PARENT's doating breast,
And all her KINDRED, thus severe the blow:
If such keen agony should FRIENDS arrest
As none but those who feel its pangs can know;
How must that Bosom thrill with poignant woe,
Which *Plighted-Love's* endearing faith enjoyed?
How must the burning tears of anguish flow,
To find, for blissful hopes, a dreary void,—
And every charm of Life by Death's cold hand
destroyed!

Yes! she is gone—whence none can e'er return;
And all must follow soon the appalling road!
Those who have felt the flame of Virtue burn,
In some bright sphere to find a blest abode;
And those who feel the stings of conscience

goad,
To roam in regions of eternal night!—
Then O! let all abjure each sinful load
For Heaven's ungalling yoke and 'burthen light,'
And live like her we mourn,—like her to wing
our flight!

But is there nought to sooth all hearts that grieve,
And wipe the undrying tears from every eye?
Can nought surviving Friendship's woes relieve
Or hush the lonely Lover's widowed sigh?

"Yes,"—might some Angel-monitor reply,
"She whom thou mourn'st as dead—is living now,
In bliss more pure than earthly Worlds can buy!
Then cease thy murmuring sorrows to avow,
And, to the WILL OF HEAVEN with CALM SUB-
MISSION bow."